

Morando
The Tritameron of
Loue:

*Wherein certaine pleasaunt conceites,
vttered by diuers woorthy personages, are perfectly
dyscoursed, and three doubtfull questyons of Loue,
most pithely and pleasauntly discussed: Shewing to the
wyse howe to vse Loue, and to the fonde, howe
to eschew Lust: and yeelding to all both
pleasure and profit.*

(* * *)

*By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes
in Cambridge.*



At London
*Printed for Edwarde White, and are
to be solde at his shoppe, at the little North
doore of S. Pauls Church, at the
signe of the Gunne.*

1584.

To the Right Honourable, Phillip Earle of Arundell,

Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour,
with the full fruition of
perfect felicity.



H E Emperour Domitian (*Right Honourable*) made him nets to catch flies, least happily he might be found idle. Caligula being wearied with weighty affayres, would (to passe away the time) gather Cockles. The Persian Kinges sometimes shaued stickes. Virgill chose rather to reade rude Ennius, then to be founde without a booke in his hande. Time wisheth rather to be spent in vaine toyes, then in idle thoughts, the one driueth away fantasies, the other breedeth Melancholie. Mercurie vouchsafed once to drinke of Philemons Earthen pottle. Apollo gaue Oracles at Delphos, as well to the poore man for his mite, as to the rich man for his treasure. Phillip thought well of the water which a poore shepheard offred to him, in a greasie Bottle: duty bindes the Subiecte to present, and courtesie the Prince to accept, in the one, will is an excuse, in the other, courtesie a bountifull rewarde. Apelles (*right Honourable*) presented Alexander with the counterfaite of Campaspe, the face not fully finished, because he liked the picture: and I offer this pamphlet vnto your Lordship, not well furnished because

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you

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

you are a lover of learning.

Zewxes paynting Triton, drewe onely his face, the rest he hidde with the tumbling waues of the Sea. And I setting forth Morandos discourse, shew onely his bare talke, the rest I rudely shaddowe with an imperfect tale. The Persians caused their Apes alwayes to maske in cloth of Golde, to couer theyr deformetie. Timocles caused his Poppingay to perke vnder a Dragon of Brasse, that the portrature might defende her from the Vultures tyranny: and I seeke to shrowde my simple worke, vnder your Honours winges, thinking one dramme of your Lordships fauoure, sufficient to fence me from the venemous teeth of those biting Vypers, who seeke to discredite all, hauing themselves no credite at all. Achilles made it not strange to take a vewe of Phidias clownish woorke, because it was the image of Mars: and I hope your Honour wyll vouchsafe to cast a glaunce on this filie Booke, for that it represents the discourse of diuers woorthy personages, although of it selfe, it is like Zewxes counterfaits, which seemed at a blush to be Grapes, but being thoroughly viewed, were bare shaddowed coloures. The Phisitions prescribe in theyr dyet, that sometimes bitter Pills, doo as much profit the stomacke, as sweete Potions. Augustus sometimes would solace himselfe, as well with Ennius drosse, as with Maros Golde: and it may bee your Honour passing ouer many learned workes, will at the last stumble at this fonde toy, and laugh as Sigismonde did at the Pomegranat, not that he smiled at the fruite, but at the simple meaning of the man which presented him with so small a gift. Resting vpon this point, I commit your Lordship to the Almightye.

Your Honours humbly to
commaund Robert Greene.

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To the Gentlemen Readers
Health.



Demosthenes Gentle-
men) alwaies sought to win
the goodwill of the Senate,
by unfolding the equitie of
the caze, and I seeke to ob-
taine your fauour by appea-
ling to your courtesie, hope-
ing to finde you as readie to
graunt me the one, as the Senate to graunt him the
other. *Protagenes* founde the more fauour in setting
foorth his simple Pictures, in that he did what hee
coulede, and I hope to finde the more freendshipp at
your handes for this imperfect worke, in that I doo
what I can. Yet I knowe I shall be compared of some
to *Damides* Parrat, which prated nothing but that she
hearde her maister speake. Well though some bee
Sauage, all are not Satyres, though diuers be sturdie,
all are not Stoickes. Let flearing *Sycophants* carpe at
my want, yet I doubt not but courteous Gentlemen
will account of will, and as it is follie to reiect the fa-
uoure of the one, so it is fondnes to respecte the
freendshippe of the other. But to them that shall
pardon my offence, and spare to spite at my fault. I
wish them such prosperous happe, as they can de-
sire, or I imagine: to the rest, I will to them as they
wish to me, and yet I bidd them both farcwell.

Robert Greene.



The Tritameron of Loue.



Here dwelled in *Bononia* a certaine Knight called *Signior Bonfadio*, whose prowesse in Martis all exploitcs, did not onely winne him wealth to maintaine his worshippe, but also honor to countenance, and counteruaile his substance: and immortall glorie as the onely guerdon due for suche a doubtie Champion. So that he was generally honored of al for his valerous magnanimitie, & particularly loued of eche one for his bountifull curtesie, being no lesse liberall to the poore to defende them from want, then couragious for his countrie to maintaine them in weale. This *Bonfadio* shrouded thus vnder Fortune, and shined vp by Fame, tried at last by prooffe, which long before he had heard by reporte, that the stiffest Mettall yeldeth to the stampe, the strongest Oke to the Carpenters axe, the hard Steele to the file, and the stoutest harte doth bowe, when Nature bids him bende, that there is no Adamant, suche whiche the bloud of a Goate can not make soft, no Tree so sounde whiche the Scarabb flye will not pearce, no Iron so hard whiche rust will not fret, no mortall thing so sure whiche time will not consume, nor no man so valiaunt whiche commeth not without excuse when Death doth call. The *Phenix* hath blacke pennies as well as glistering feathers, the purest *Wine* hath his Lees, the luckliest yeare hath his canicular daies. *Venus* had a Hole,

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in her face, and *Adonis* a skarre vppon his chin, there was sometime Thunder heard in the Temple of Peace, and Fortune is neuer so fauourable but she is as fickle: her prosperitie is euer sawsed with the sower soppes of aduersitie, being constant in nothing but in inconstancie. *Scipio* escaped many foraine broyles, but returning home in triumph was slaine with a cyle. *Cesar* conquered the whole world, yet cowardly slaine in the Senate. So *Bonfadio* hauing by his Prowesse long preuailed against his foes, was at last most vnluckelie slaine by his supposed friendes. For as in an euening he passed through a blinde lane of the Citie, he was sodainly shot through with a Pistoll: which murther was so secretly committed, that the perfourmer of so deuillish a fact could neuer bee detected. But the reporte of this ruthlesse Tragedie being come to the eares of Ladie *Panthia* (for so was his wife called) she forthwith fell into suche perplexed passions, and was so surprised with sodaine sorowe, that before the tale could be halfe tolde she fell downe in a traunce, being hardly brought againe to life by the companie. Yet at last being come to her self, after she had wept so long that the very fountaine of her teares was dried vp with continuall powring out of sorrowfull plaintes, she then (womanlike) began somewhat to listen to the comfortable counsaile of her friendes, and to applie to her soze that salue that might soonest mitigate her maladie. For through their friendly perswasions very shortly she began to consider, that as to wishe for an impossible thing was but a signe of small wit: so to sorrow without ceasing for that whiche could not bee redressed did importe but mere follie: the one being a foe to desire, and y other a friend to death. She therfore resting vpon this point, thought with most solenne Obsequies to celebrate her hus bandes Funerals, that both the sequell of her workes might confirme her former wordes, and her teares bee thought to come more of care then of custome. Wherevppon she framed a very sumptuous Sepulchre, intombing her hus bands bones with such pompous magnificence, that al false thought *Bonfadio* happye

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pie for so good a wife, and her worthe of so good a husband. The Funeralls finished, *Panthia* for a time liued more sorrowfullie being a widowe then merely being a wife, till at last seeing her mourning Weede began to waie bare, she thought best both to cast awaie her outwarde coate and her inward care, wisely waighing with her self that it is in vaine to water the Plant when the roote is dead, to aske counsell when the case is distrust, to wishe for raine when the Corne is ripe, and to sigh when no sorrowe can preuaile. The Cedar tree remaineth without leaues but twelue daies, and the Date tree but seuen. *Cyrce*s loue neuer continued aboue one yeare, and the Tapers in the Temple of *Ianus* burned onely but nine nightes, the call of a Quaille continueth but one quarter, and a widowes sorrowe onely two monethes: in the one sad for her olde mate, and in the other carefull for a newe match.

Panthia in this state hauing past this tearme (I doe not saie with like affection) thought now she had a greater care and more charge being a widowe then a wife. For she had by Signior *Bonfadio* three daughters, the eldest named *Lacena*, the seconde *Sostrata*, and the yongest *Fioretta*, all so adorned with beautie and indowed with bountie, so framed in bodie and fourmed in minde, eche of them being both in outwarde complexion and inward constitution so singular, as hard it was to iudge which held the Supremacie. *Panthia* placing all her felicitie in the exquisite perfection of her three daughters, sought to bring them vp so charily and chastly, that all men might like them for their beautie and loue them for their vertue, imitating the good *Lapidaries*, whiche in the purest golde set the most precious stone. While thus solitarily and sadly she past awaie the time amongst her children, Signior *Morando* a Knight, who in his life time had oft serued in the warres with *Bonfadio*, betweene whom there had long been a perfect League of amitie, willing to shewe in the broode how well he loued the olde birde, was so friendly to *Panthia* as familiar with *Bonfadio*, comforting her as a desolate wi-

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Howe, and counselling her as his friendes wife, driven to the one by conscience, and to the other by curtesie. Seeing therefore she did wholie absent her self from companie, whiche made her dreame on sordie melancholie motions, he did invite her and her three Daughters to a graunge house of his seven miles distant frō *Bononia*, whether also diuers gentlemen were bidden, thinking this the fittest meanes to drive her from her sorrowfull dumps. *Panthia* desirous to let Signior *Morando* vnderstande how greatly she did account of his curtesie, came at the daie appointed to his house, where bothe she and her Daughters were not onely well welcome to *Morando*, but to all the rest of the companie. Amongst whom was Signior *Peratio*, Messier *Aretyno*, and Signior *don Syluestro*, with others, who sitting downe to dinner and passing awaie the time with pleasaunt parle, it chaunced after dinner as they sat talking that Signior *Peratio* spied hanging in the Parler a Table most curiously painted: wherein both the Sea and Land was most perfectly pourtraied. The Picture was of *Europa*, the Sea of the *Phenicians* and the Lande of *Sydon*: On the Shoare was a beautifull Medowe, wherein stood a troupe of daintie Damosells: in the Sea a Bull, vppon whose backe sat a Dame of surpassing beautie sailing towards *Candie*, but looking to the crew of her companions from whom by sinister meanes she was seperated. The Painter by secreete skill had perfectly with his pensell desciphered the feature of their faces, as their countenance did seeme to importe bothe feare and hope. For seeing their periles Princeesse a praie to suche a prowling Pyrate, they rusht into the Seas (as willing to be partakers of their Mistres miserie) as farre as feare of such fearfull surges would permit them, but pushed back with the dread of present danger, they stood bewing how cunningly and carefully the Bull transported his charge: How *Europa* araid in Purple Roabes sat securely and safely holding in her right hand his hyne and in her left his taile. About him the *Dolphins* seemed to leape, the *Syrens* to sing, and *Triton* himself to triumph.

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trunph. *Cupid* also in the fourme of a little boy was there most curiously painted, hauing his winges spread, a Quiver by his side, in one hande a flame of fire, in the other a chaine of gold, wherewith he drew the Bull as by constraint, and turning his head towards *Iupiter* seemed to smile at his follie and to despise his dietie, that by his meanes he had made suche a strange Metamorphosis.

Signior Peratio hauing long gazed on this gorgeous Picture, both praised his perfect skill that had so cunningly made a counterfait of Nature by Arte, and also mused at the force of Loue that had by conquest caught so worthie a Captiue, that at length as one forced by affection he sighing saied: O Gods that a childe should rule both the Heauen the Sea and the Lande.

Don Siluestro seing *Peratio* so sodainly passionate with the view of a simple Picture, taking occasion herevppon to enter into further parle began to crosse him on this maner.

Why how now *Peratio* (quoth he) doe you sigh to see *Iupiter* so fonde as for lust to abase his dietie, or *Cupid* so presumptuous as by Loue to increase his dignitie: the one shewing himself worse then a man for his follie, the other more then a God for his power.

No sir (quoth *Morando*) you mistake his meaning, for it fares with him as with *Narcissus*, that was neuer in Loue but when he lookt into the water, or like the *Fishe Muga* which onely leapeth at the sight of the North starre: *Hyparchion* neuer sawe any Muscall Instrument but he would sing, nor he any amorous Picture but he must sigh, the one shewing thereby his affection to Musicke, the other bewraying his passions in Loue.

In deede sir (quoth *Peratio*) I remember *Sylenus* would alwaies leade his Ass in a string, that when he warrt wearie he might ride, and *Amphion* plaied euer best on his Harpe when he heard poore *Sthenens* blowe on his Oten pipe: So sir you keepe me for a plaine song: wherevpon to descant shewing your fine wit alwaies to be most sharp when you finde

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my dull head to be most grosse. But *Calchas* neuer prophesied Dard to the Grecians but when his owne Lands were barraine: Nor *Tiresias* had neuer giuen a verditte against *Inno*, but that he himself had been once a woman. *Thrasos* age could not bereaue him of his parasiticall affections: neither was *Battus* a lesse blabb being olde then in his youth: The whiter the Leekes head is the greener is the blade. The *Angelica* beareth seede alwaies when it begins to wither: Drie stickes are sonest consumed with fire, and doating age sonest caught with fancie, deuining that of others whereof they themselues doe most dreame: but they followe the olde Proverbe, *Similes habent labra lactucas*.

By my faith Signior *Morando*, quoth Madame *Panthia*, if you haue pusht *Peratio* with the pike hath hit you with the Iannce: but it semes he hath bene burnt in the hand, that cannot abide to here of fire. *Apollo* would neuer willingly abide the noise of the Crowe, because he had beleued her to lightlie. *Sylenus* was euer most angrie when any told him of good wine, because he would oft bee drunke. *Peratio* likes not to be toucht where he is gald, nor to be accused so stricktly, when his conscience feeles the crime: and yet I goc too farre, for it is no offence to loue.

Yes Madame, quoth *Arctyno*, as *Jupiter* loued *Europa* crauyng onely to cropp the bud of her beautie, and to spoile the frute of her honestie, seekyng for the gaine of his fadynge pleasure, to procure her lastyng paine: Is not suche fancie a fault, when it springeth vp without honest affection?

Truth sir, quoth *Panthia*, but I coumpt likyng without Laue, no loue but lust. Was *Scipio* thought a frende to *Nu mantia*, when he sought to spoile the Citie: or *Chronus* to *Ceres*, who robed her Temple of her treasure? The Turky hauing lost his culler is of no value. The fairest flower without his smell is coumpted but a weede: and the maid that by mischaunce loseth her virginittie, though neuer so faier is most infortunate, her chefest treasure is the but trash like the Dre in the Ile *Choos*, which is puer in the mynge, but drosse
in

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in the furnace, for beautie without honestie is like deadlie popson preserued in a box of gould. Consideryng this *Arctyno*, doe you counipt him to loue, that wisbeth his Ladie suche losse.

Madame, quoth *Morando*, you misconsture of his minde, for *Arctyno* coumpres, that what soeuer is fancie, that is loue.

Tis good then (quoth she) to bringe him from his heresie, for fancie is *Vox equiuoca*, which either may be taken for honest loue, or fonde affection, for fancie oftymes commeth of wealth or beautie, but perfect loue euer springeth from vertue and honestie.

Marie, quoth *Peratio*, that is the cause that women loue so muche and men so little, wherein by your owne iudgement thzi are altogether blamlesse, for women finde in vs honestie without wealth, and we in the beautie without vertue. Sir, quoth she, your censure is no sentence, neither can this broken coine stande for sterlyng: for to excuse your selfe before you be accused, is to finde a fowle crack in a false conscience. Tis hard to couer a greate rent with a small peece, or to hide *Vulcans* poult foote with pulling on a straight shoe. Honesty is alwaies painted like a woman, as signifyng that it is most predampnaunt in that sexe. And sir to giue you a venie with your owne weapō, as you saied before, like lippes, like lettice, as the man is, so is his manners, cat alwaies goeth after kynde, and tis harde to finde men without small honestie, and great deceite.

Doe you speake by experience, quoth *Morando*, was your hus band in the number of those that are cumbred with this consumption.

He was, quoth she, by nature, but that he did amend it by nourture, and yet, quoth she, my hus bandes honestie cannot conclude generally, but that there must be large exceptions.

I am glad Madame *Panthia*, that you are so pleasaunt, and al the rest of my good guesstes so merilie disposed, I hope you will not denie me of a request, that generally I shall craue

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craue of you all.

If it bee reasonable, quoth *Panthia*, I dare promise for the gentlewomen.

And I, quoth *Syluestro* for the men.

Why then I will haue you tell me your opinions, whether this our countrey prouerbe be true or no, whiche is commonly spoken *Amor fa molto ma argento fa tutto*. Loue doth much but money doth all.

In men quoth *Panthia*, and that we will proue.

In women, quoth *Peratio*, and that I will defend.

Two fitte champions, quoth *Morando*, to trie suche a doubtfull combat.

May sir, quoth *Panthia*, I my self refuse his proffer but my daughter *Lacena* shall perfourme my challenge, for it is not a mourners parte to discourse of such pleasant pointes.

A fitte matche, quoth *Peratio* for so honest a man, and to put you out of doubt I had rather sup with your daughter then sup with you: for an inche of a kidd is woorth an ell of of a cat, but to leaue these cuttpng blowes: how say you *Lacena*, are you content to defende so false an heresie.

Sir, quoth she, where dutie diues, there denyall is a fault, and where nature infereth, obedience there to resist is to war against the Gods: the yong Lambe commeth at the bleating of y^e old sheepe: the Signett at y^e call of the Swan: the Faune followeth fast after y^e Doe: creatures without reason, and brute beastes by mere instinct of Nature followe their dams, and should not I then obey my parentes: yes no doubt, or els I might be counted more brute then a beast, or lesse naturall then a reasonable creature. This considered, if I aduenteure rashely to discusse so harde a case keyng vnfit by nature and arte, the duettie I hope that I owe vnto her, who hath power to command me, shall be sufficient to excuse my small skill and great interprise, and the common sayng so generally vs'd here in our countrey doeth somewhat incorage me. A sure truth, quoth thei, neede no subtill gloze: nor a cleare case a shifting Counseller. Well (quoth *Peratio*) I doubt

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Doubt your fained simplicitie, will proue a non to bee shew-
with the Sophistrie, and therefore thus to the purpose. The
case (quoth he) which we haue to discusse, is a maxime houl-
den as true as a holie Oracle: but the doubt is, whether it
is to be auerred in men, or veresied in women: If the perfec-
tion of the bodie, and the constitution of the mynde, forceth
men to loue, more then the greedie desire to gaine, then we
haue wonne the feilde, and you lost the combate: and if we-
men loue more for beautie and vertue, then for wealthe and
riches, wec haue taken the foile, and you wonne the con-
quest. But it was harde for *Achelous* with his shiftes to pre-
uaile againste *Hercules* because of his strength, and it will
be as harde for you to resist my reasons because thei be true.
Who so readeth the Romishe Records, and Grecian Histo-
ries, and turneth ouer the volumes filled with the reporte of
passionate louers, shall finde sundrie Sonnets, sawsed with
sorrowfull passions, diuers Ditties declaryng their dumps,
carefull complaints, wofull wailinges, and a thousande
sundrie haplesse motions, wherin the poore perplexed louers
doe painte out, how the beautie of their mistres, hath ama-
zed their mindes, how their fancie is fettered with their ex-
quisite perfection: how they are snared with the fourme of
her featurc: how the giftes of Nature so bountifully besto-
wed vppon her, hath intangled their mindes, and bewitched
their senses, that her excellent vertue, and singular bountie,
hath so charmed their affections, and her rare qualities hath
so drowned them in desire, as thei esteeme her courtesie more
then Césars Kingdomes, her loue more then Lordshippes,
and her good will more then all worldly wealch. Tushc all
Treasure is but trash, in respect of her person. Yea, they pre-
fer the inioying of her perfection, before all the riches of for-
tunate *Cresus*. Thus the poore passionate louers whose life
hangeth on their Mistres loue, craue onely to feede their
fancies with her beautie, and to please their mindes with
her vertue. But let the most iniurious Dame, who hath best
skill to bzeath out slaundrous speeches against men, say (if

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the can) that he hath euer heard, or red, of any louer that hath desiphered in his ditties, the earnest desire he had to enioye his Mistres, or painted out his passions, that he suffered to gaine his Ladies possessions: now it is a fault committed of most, and omitted of fewe, that men in their loue looke before they leepe, and therefore oftentimes fall in the ditch, neuer gaping after the desire of greedie gaine, nor building their fancie vpon the fading goodes of Fortune: so that oft they win such a wife as he maie put her Downie in his eye for hurting his sight, and her wealth maie be cast without any great count: whereby it is euident, that if a man once fixe his fancie vpon any Dame, no want of wealth, no lacke of liuing can impair his loue, but he remaineth faithfull in despiight of Fortune, wearing this Posie in his Shield, *Non aurum sed amor.*

In troth (quoth *Siluestro*) if I had a case in the law thou shouldst be my Counsellor, for I doubt thou hast put in such a Plea, as it will be hard for *Laccato* to answer.

Thus he sir (quoth she) though the Castle be sharply assaulted it is not straight wonne, and the fildes is not lost at the first Alarum. *Aiax* valor was no whit the lesse for *Uisses* vaine babling, and though by his wordes he wonne the prize, yet all men knew it was more by prating then by Prowesse: so if you foile me by your subtile fallations, euery one shall perceiue that it is not because I defende the wrong, but because I cannot wrangle. *Boetius* in his Bookes *De consolatione*, noting the sondrie affections which force the minde, either to mislike greatly or to loue feruently: saith, that in making a choyce of their loue women do most erre, in that they suffer their mindes sonest to be subdued by the giftes of Nature: wherein although I confesse they offend by fixing their fancies on suche a fickle subiect: yet it is euident, that they more respect the person then his purse, and rather like his perfection then his landes and liuinges. For if women in their choyce were more wedded vnto wealth then to wit, and respected more their Louers Possessions then his person, no
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doubt an infinite number of Damosells should lead their liues in more plentie and lesse penurie. But as the softest waxe soonest receiueth impression: as the tender twigge is most easie to bend, and the finest glasse most brittle: so the pure complexion of women is most subiect vnto Loue, being quickly inflamed by the force of affection but neuer quenched: like to the Abeston stone which once set on fire can neuer be put out. For when as *Cupid* assaileth to allure the minde of a seclie maide to offer Incense at his Altar & so become his subiect, he seeketh not to drawe her with worldly trash or treasure, nor to perswade her with the gift of Jewmes or Jewelles, but couereth his hook with y^e sugred baite of beautie, wherewith she being once blinded he carrieth her awaie into perpetuall captiuitie. The affection of women is alwaies fettered either with outward beautie or inwarde bountie, either builded on the perfect complexion of the bodie or pure constitution of the minde: they alwaies waite his worthinesse and not his wealth, his comelinesse and not his copie: and rather seeke to settle their mindes vpon his vertue then on suche fading pelfe as is not permanent. For after that they haue imprinted in their mindes the fourme of their Louers feature, and that beautie hath so bewitched their senses as they are wholly at her becke, then they carefully poore soules consider the condition of their Louers: and as they haue viewed their outward substance, so they deuine of their inward qualities. If he bee valiaunt they loue to heare of his Martiall exploits: his prowess pleaseth them: his manly deedes draweth them in delight: yea, they are so besotted in this fonde imagination, that they thinke no man so able to attchieue any enterprise as he, vaunting of his victories, as if she her self had wonne the conquest: If he bee wise his wit setteth them more on fire: If Eloquent, his sugred speeche inchaunteth them: If learned, his secreete skill draweth them into an endlesse Laberinth: so that they wholie feede their fancies with his beautie, or delight their mindes with his qualities, neuer respecting his riches nor weighing his wealth: wherby

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times when pouertie pincheth them they crie *Peccavi*. But *Signior Peratio*, to come moze nerer to the purpose, tell me but what you would thinke of her that would carefully couett that whiche she cannot at her owne will enioye, or seeke greedily to gaine that thing whiche an other properly shall possesse, were it not to seeme either fonde or franticke: In the same case should women consist if they liked moze for liuing then for loue. For after they bee once married is not her husbandes wealth his owne to dispose: Maie he not either wisely keepe it or wilfully consume it, either spare or spend at his owne pleasure: Yes no doubt, her Dowrie is then growne to be his due, & her Patrimonie wholly his proper possessions: so that it maie consequently bee concluded, that women are not so witleffe as to wishe for that which if they get yet their gaine shall be nothing, but they obserue this rule as a principle, *Omnia vincit amor, & non cadamus amori*.

How now (quoth *Panthia*) hath not my Daughter saied pretely well to the purpose: Did she not as well play the defendant as he the plaintife:

In deede (quoth *Peratio*) she hath done pretely but not pithelie. For to conclude vpon supposes is but slender Sophistrie, and to calculate vpon coniectures is but bad Astrologie. For though *Boetius* doth finde womē faultie for firing their fancies on the outwarde shape of beautie, yet he denieth not but that wealth may be the finall cause which kindleth their fonde desire, as he doeth blame them for gazing to muche on the giftes of Nature: so he doeth not excuse them from gaping to greedelie after the gifts of Fortune: so that to vse this reason in this case, is to pull on *Hercules* hose on a chldes foote. What the naturall cause is of womens vn-naturall couetousnesse I knowe not, sith I am not skilfull in suche secreete Philosophie, but this I am sure that they are so deeply addicted to this drosse, and so greedelie giuen to the gaine of golde, that there is no loue suche whiche coyne cannot chaunge, no affection suche whiche fading pelfe cannot infringe: nay, almost no chastitie so charie whiche desire
of

of Loue.

of wealth cannot wracke : whiche *Virgill* wisely weighing
said: *Auri sacra fames quid non Muliebria pectora cogis*. And
to proue these my premisses by a manifest instance. How was
Danae the Daughter of *Acrysius* sought and sued to by di-
uers and sondrie suiters, whose parentage & progenie, whose
beautie and boſtie, whose singuler feature and famous qua-
lities deserued to be mates to y^e braneſt Dames of the world:
and yet because their comelineſſe was without copne, their
worſhip without wealth, and their singuler perfection with-
out ſumptuous poſſeſſions, although ſhe had ſufficiēt wealth
of a poore Heſaunt to make a mightie Prince, yet ſhe was
ſo greedie after the deſire of gaine, that ſhe eſteemed more fa-
ding pelfe then all the beautie and vertue in the worlde: yea,
ſuche was her couetous minde, that although *Iupiter* himſelf
ſought to ſacke the Caſtle of her chaſtitie, and to cropp the
bud of her beautie, yet ſhe deſpiſed his dietie, vntil to optaine
his deſire he was faine to fall into her lappe in the ſhape of a
ſhower of golde. *Procris* whose feruent affection was ſuche
towards *Cephalus*, as her parentes were conſtrained vnwil-
lingly to marrie her as they thought to an vnfit matche, be-
cause her ſenſes were ſo beſotted with y^e beautie of this *Ce-
phalus*, and his worthe qualities had ſo bewitched her minde
that he was the onely Saint whom in harte ſhe deſired to
ſerue. After that they long had led a happie life, *Cephalus* in-
tending to make a triall of his wiues conſtancie, abſenting
himſelf for a while, and comming in diſguiſed apparel made
ſute vnto her, that in her huſbandes abſence he might haue
the fruition of her perſone: but ſuche was her ſettled faithe
and affection, that neither ſighes, ſorrow, ſobbes, complaints,
prayers, promiſes, nor proteſtations could preuaile, vntill he
gaue the laſt aſſault with the proffer of many precious Je-
welles: whereat ſhe was forced to giue ouer the Forte, and
ſo Courtizanlike make a ſaile of her cōſtancie. What ſhould
I ſpeake of that golden girle *Eriphile*, who being the Mi-
ſtreſſe of many riche Poſſeſſions, was notwithstanding ſo a-
dicted to the deſire of pelfe, that ſhe reiected poore passionate

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Infortunio, and chose that dotting olde Peasant *Amphiaraus*, whom after she betraied to the Greekes for an ouch of gold. Beautie nor vertue could not win the loue of *Tarpeia*, but for a Bracelet she betraied the Capitoll. Tushe, whom beautie cannot bende riches will breake: whom vertue cannot obtaine wealth will winne: For it is not the man that we men respect but money: not his person but his purse: not his Linage but his living: That as the Serpentes *Hydaspes*, the more they drinke the more they thirst, and so are neuer satisfied: so women, the more coyne they haue the more they couet without satietie. So that I conclude, were I as mightie as *Alexander*, as beautifull as *Paris*, as valiaunt as *Hector*, as wise as *Ulysses*, as trustie as *Troilus*, yet I shall see the sentence of *Ouid* stande for an Oracle: *Si nihil attuleris ibis Homere foras.*

Morando and the rest of the Gentlemen hearyng howe cunnyngly *Peratio* did prattle, laughed to see how stoutly he stucke to his tackling, saying that they thought his reasons were so forcible, as they could not be infringed, and that it were best for *Lacena*, to giue ouer the fight in the plaine feelde. Whiche drie frumpe drue her into suche a fuming choler, that she made *Peratio* this sharpe replie.

Sir (quoth she) it were harde for *Vulcan* to call any man Cripple, because he himself had a poult foote, and *Venus* should be thought impudent to condemne any of lightnesse, sith she her self was so leude: and as vnfitte for you to condemne me of follie, sith your owne reasons are so sonde, for as you saie it is bad Astrologie to calculate vpon coniecture, so I saie it is worse Philosophie to proue a generall Axiome by a particuler instaunce, whereas you auctre that women are naturally couetous, and know not the cause, your affection semeth to proceede rather of rancor then of reason, and of wilfull spight, more then of due prooffe, for wantyng a sure author to vpholde your heresie, you are faine your self to byng in the verdict, but in this *Ipse dixit* shall stande for no paye, neither shall your censure be set doune for a sentence,
we

of Loue.

we will not allowe you to be a copnor of conclusions, vnlesse your premisses had been of more puissaunce. But I remember very well that *Horace* notyng the fonde affections of men, and wisely describyng the greedie desire they haue to gaine: did cunningly carpe at their couetousnesse, sayng: *Queranda pecunia primū post nūmos virtus* meaning that in all their actions, they first seeke to pray vpon pelfe, counting suche fadyng trash, their onely treasure: preferring wealth before wisdom, and riches before vertue, gaping greedilie after gold, as the onely guerdon they desire for their deserts, yea, in their loue they alwaies ayme more at the money, then at the maide, and coumpt her dowrie the best saint that deserueth their depest deuotion, although they can connyngly conterfete, that they are drowned in the desire of her person, when in harte they meane her purse, playing like the Elephante that rather chooseth to leane against the strong Oke then against the sweete Briar, or like the Tiger that chozeth his praye, not by the fairenes of the skin, but by the fatnesse of the flesh, wheras poore gentlemen either onely respect the outwarde propertie or his inwarde perfection, either the comelinesse of his person, or the curtiesie of his mind, detesting that filthie drasse, as a thyng not so greedilie to be desired. For was it the wealth of *Eneas* that *Dido* so muche doted on, or his worthienesse, who came to *Carthage* as a poore stragling Straunger, beyng readie to take of all and being able to giue to none? Was it the pelfe of *Demophon* or his person that *Phyllis* so depely desired? was it the riches of *Paris* that *Enone* wished, or his beautie when she knewe him for no other but a poore Shepheard? Was it the wealth of *Vlisses*, or his wisdom that *Circes* sought after, when she sawe him to be but a wanozing Pirate? Did not *Campasse* prefer poore *Appelles* before mightie *Alexander*, and that louelie Lady *Euphinia* choose *Acharisto* her Fathers bondman. Tush who seeth not if he be not either sencelesse, or sorted with self-will, that women respect goodwill and not gaine, curtiesie and not coyne, yea, loue onely and not landes or linynges.

And

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And sir wheras you byng in *Danae* as an instaunce to proue weimens couetous desire, if you wrest not the sence, it is small to the purpose, for *Jupiter* chaunged not into gelde to obtaine her chastitie, but to corrupte her keepers that so he might make a rape of her virginitee, neither was *Tarpeya* perswaded to loue for golde, but to betraie the Capitall for gaine. And though *Eriphile* did amisse and *Procris* offende, will these two examples infer a generall conclusion: No, for as one Swallowe maketh not sommer, nor as one withered tree proueth not winter, so one womans offence is not sufficient to proue all faultie. Your rash reasons, therefore are like *Tantalus* Apples, which are sayre to the eye, but beeing touched, they turne to Ashes. Or like *Apelles* grapes, that seemed to be such, till they were narrowly viewed. So your subtile arguments importe greate force till they bee sifted, and then they are like *Cornelius* shadowes which seemed like men but were none. Retyre therefore before you come at the trench, sith you haue followed the sound of a wrong March, for it is proper to a man to bee deceiued, but to persist in an error, is the signe of an impudent mind, and vpon this condition, although you haue broadly blasphemed against womē, you shall escape unpunished, and fully pardoned.

Morando heyrng how connyngly *Lacena* had resisted *Peratios* reasons, began to be halfe blancke, because *Pan-shia* pulling him by the sleue saied.

Sir (quoth she) although my daughter hath concluded in an imparfect Moode, yet it is harde to reduce it but *Perimpossible*: your Champion is chafed and seeketh reuenge, but he plaies like *Phineus* that sought to meete his foe in the felde, and yet he himself tooke the first foile, but as it is no shame for hym that gazeth against the Sonne to winke, so *Peratio* that strives against the truthe, maie take the mate and yet haue good skill at the Chesse.

Why (quoth *Aretino*) is he alwaies the best man that giues the last stroke, or she wonne the victorie, that speaks the last woorde, *Peratio* hath but yet plaide his quarters, he
now

of Loue.

now meanes to lie at his warde, and I beleue so warclie, that *Lacena* shal haue good lucke if she scape without a losse.

Tush gentlemen (quoth *Peratio*) Madam *Panthia* thinkes that where *Venus* sitts there *Mars* must lay downe his Helmet, that no Birdes can sing where the Peacocke displaies her golden Feathers: but I am not so fonde, as with *Hercules* to become a slaue to *Omphale*, nor with *Mars* to tye my self to *Venus* will. *Lacenas* faire lookes, nor her painted speech shall not so charme me, as I shall so lightly geue other the chalenge, for I am not in loue, and therefore may speake at liberty. Truly (quoth *Morando*) sith the controuersie is suche, as it cannot without a longe discourse be decided: I will at this tyme become a mediator and yeld my verdit because time calles vs away. Upon this sentence, this therfore is my sensure, that as *Phillip* of *Macedon* said there was no Citie so surelie defenced, whereinto an Asse laden with gold might not enter: so the Temple of *Vesta* is neuer so well shut, but a key of gold will speedelie vnlose the locke.

Sir (quoth *Panthia*) and I by your leaue will conclude to your premisses, with the picture which *Phidias* the Painter drew of *Mars* and *Venus* in this forme: representing *Mars* tied vnto *Venus* by the eye, his breast open, wherein appered a harte all of gold. But *Venus* haupng her sight baled, her harte perced through with an arrow, and chained vnto *Mars* with a siluer threed, wherein was written this posie *Sans Aultre*. Well (quoth *Morando*) it was harde to finde *Diana* without her bowe, or *Appollo* without his harpe, or a womans craftie wite, without a clarklie shift. But when *Hercules* had conquered *Orithia* he could not vaunt of the victorie, because she was a woman: so therefore I wil not strue to confute Madame *Panthia*, sith in gettynge the conquest I should rather reape discredit, then purchase praise or honour: we will therfore now ende our discourse, and sit doune to supper, where whatsoeuer your chere bee, yet I praie you thynke your selues hartie welcome. The Gentlemen and Gentlewomen findyng their fare no wooorse then their wel-

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come was, gaue *Morando* greate thanks for his curtesie, and being all pleasantlie disposed, they passed awaie the supper with many pretty parles, *Don Siluestro* onely excepted, who was in his dumps: for the beautie of *Lacena* had alredie so battered the bulwarke of his breast, and had so quatted his stomacke with her excellent qualities, that he onely fed his eyes in notyng the exquisit perfection of her person, whiche *Aretino* partlie perceiuyng, he began to plucke him from his passions, in this maner. I haue often marueled and cannot yet cease to muse gentlemen (quoth he) at the madnesse of those momentarie louers, whose myndes are like the state of *Minervas* Dwle, that howe heauie soeuer her heade was, would euer prune her self at the sight of *Pallas*, or like *Narcissus* that had scarsely lookt into the water but was in loue with his owne shadowe: but I thinke these violent passions are nothing permanent, their sparckling heate neuer proues to perfect coles, muche like to *Jasons* Warriours that faded before thei were fullie fourmed.

What moues you (quoth *Morando* to pop forth so sodainly this darke probleme, doe you think there is any man here that is pinched with suche passions, or would you see by the measure of an other mans foote, where you owne shoe wringes you.

No sir (quoth he) the picture of *Andromeda* and *Perseus*, whiche hanges here before myne eyes, brought this to my remembraunce, for me thinke either *Andromeda* was passyng beautifull or *Perseus* verie amorous, that soaring aloft in the ayre he did firmly loue before he did fullie looke, his eyes were scarsely fixed ere his harce was settred, and how thinke you Signior *Siluestro* is not this straunge.

Siluestro doubtynge that *Aretino* shot at an other marke then his talke did pretende, thought to shadow his fault with a false culler, and with the Lapwing to erie farthest of from her nest, he framed him therefore this aunswere. Cruely *Aretino* (quoth he) it were folie to question with *Pigmalion* about *Esculapius* secrets, or to demande of *Polydemon* what
follem.

of Loue.

sollemnitie *Hymeneus* obserued in his Sacrifices, because the one was vnskillfull in Physicke and the other as ignorant in Mariage, and meare fondnesse it is for the to aske my opinion of fancie, when I cannot by experience yelde a verdict of affection, it is harde for him to giue a censure of Paintyng that hath but lookt into *Appelles* shoppe, and as difficult for me to sett downe my sentence of Loue whiche am but newlie entred into *Cupids* Schoole. For I confesse I am not of *Tianens* opinion, to despise Beautie, nor so dogged as *Diogenes*, to condemne women, sith the one shewes a crabbed nature, and the other as ill nourture. But it maie be you gesse another mans bow by your owne bent, and plaie like *Ewritius* that accused *Andremon* of loue, whē he himself was before fettered with lust.

What (quoth *Aretino*) shall *Pigmalion* bee angrie with him that saied he was a Caruer, seeing it was his profession by arte, or shall a yong gentleman take offence for being named a louer, sith it is proper to hym by age. But I leaue with your melancholie humour *Syluestro*, sith I see that tis hard to finde a suspicious man without selowsie, and a lingering louer without Dumps.

Gentlemen quoth *Peratio*, mee thinks it is folly to talke about so fond a trifle as loue, which I can rightly compare to *Perseus* wings, which being giuen him by *Iupiter*, caried him alwayes into perrilous daungers, or to *Mydas* goulde, which he counting his blisse, prooued at last to bee his bale. Let not then such a friuolous question cause friends to giue such byting quippes.

Tush (quoth *Aretino*) these cuttes can not cause *Syluestro* and mee to farre, euery blowe drawes not bloud, nor cuery worde inferreth not wrath, that friendshippe is of a bricke mould, that a little Table talke will cracke. In troth (quoth *Syluestro*) I take not such offence at *Aretinos* folly as I doe *Peratio* at thy extreme fondnes, that makest so light acount of loue. But *Proteus* neuer remayned long in one shape, neither was *Iola* seene to weare one garment twise. The starre

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Cassiopea remaineth in one signe but ten dayes, and thou in one mynde but ten howers, being now hotte now cold, first as courteous as *Traian*, and then as currish as *Tymon*, one while a defender of lust, and an other time a contemner of loue. But as it is harde to catche the *Polipe* fish, because she tourneth into the likenesse of euery obiect, so it is folly to credit thee which framest thy talke after euery new fantasie.

Stay then *Syluestro* (quoth *Signior Morando*) lest you proue your selfe more fond in taking such small occasion of anger, then they in ministring the cause, we met as friends, and loth I were we should part as foes. Therefore for this night I commend you all as my guesstes, to keepe silence, and to morrowe if you please in close field to trie the combat, *Madame Panthia*, and I will sit as Iudges to assigne the conquest: the question shalbe, whether it be good to loue

or noe, and in the meane time, such it is farre in the

night, I commit you to God. *Madame*

Panthia, and the rest geuing their

good host the *Adieu*, par-

ted quietly without

any more

quippes to

their lod-

ging.

 The



The seconde daies discourse.



THE night being passed, & y^e glistering beames of *Phebus* calling these Courtiers from their drowsie beddes, *Signior Siluestro* who all this night had slept with a flea in his eare, being pinched with the quippes of *Aretino*, but more passionate with y^e exquisite qualities of *Lacena*, rose before all the rest, and walking alone into the Garden, began there to muse on these painefull passions which so diuersly perplexed him, feeling the force of Loue so furiously to assaile him, as either the mercie of his new Mistres must mitigate his maladie, or els his care must be ended by vntimely death: the one he doubted of as being in feare, the other he dreaded not as one in most haplesse distresse, wauering thus betweene two waues as he sat in his dumpes, *Morando* *Madame Panthia* and all the rest of the cōpanie missing *Siluestro*, went to seeke him: whom they founde as a solitary Saint sitting in a sorrowfull plight: whiche they espying began to laugh at his follie, that vpon so small a cause (as they surmised) had entered into suche choller. But as their aime was ill, so they mist the marke: For *Siluestro* was offering his sighes to another Saint then they could coniecture: yet whatsoeuer the cause of his care was, *Panthia* thought to driue him out of his dumpes in this maner.

Signior Siluestro (quoth she) you accused yesternight *Pera-*
rio of sickelnesse, and I allowe it the better, because I see by

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this:

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this chaunce you your self wilbe no chaungeling: you went to bed in choller and rise full of melancholie, resembling the birde *Osyphaga*, who if she perketh at night chatting, cheketh all the morning till the Sunne bee vp: but I cannot blame you sith *Aretino* and his fellowe came ouer your falowes with suche cutting blowes.

I see *Madame* (quoth *Peratio*) you are no cunning *Astrologer*, that can by calculation coniecture no better of *Siluestros* disease. Would you haue *Zetus* merrie as long as he heareth *Amphion* harpe: Can poore *Polipheme* plaie on his pipe as long as *Galatea* frownes: Or *Apollo* laugh when *Driope* lowers: No, *Appelles* must be sad as long as *Campasse* is coye: It is good reason that Louers should be solitarie to bewaie their sorowe, and full of dumpes to signifie their dolloz: Accuse not *Siluestro* then if he be not pleasaunt, being troubled with suche amorous passions: for the poore Gentleman is in loue I see by his looke.

Siluestro hearing with what bitter tauntes *Peratio* began to bob the foole, and how he sought like a *Sycophant* to plaie with his nose, entring somewhat into choller shakt him vp with this sharpe replie.

I remember *Peratio* (quoth he) that *Cadmus* for his conuentionelious minde was turned into a Serpent, and *Arachne* for her pꝛeude presumption was transformed into a Spider: I maruell if the Gods to wreck their wrath would vse their olde *Metamorphosis*, whether they would turne thee into an Asse or an Ape: for by þ one they might typically figure forth thy blockishe reasons, and by the other paint out thy apish qualities. Did *Apollo* neuer lower but when he was in loue: Nor was *Appelles* neuer sad but when he was a sutor: No doubt then the God was very gamesome before he knewe *Daphne*, and the Painter passing pleasaunt before he sawe *Campasse*. Surely your *Astrologicall* reasons bee of small force in that they haue force: I meane not to proue me a Louer but thy self a fondling. Well, if I loue it is the signe of good nature: if I loue not, of a *Cinicall* nurture: but whether

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of Loue.

I loue or no it cannot profite thee nor displeasure me, and yet not to loue is the signe of a discourteous Defaunt.

Mirando hearing what bitter blowes were giuen betwene these two Gentlemen, parted them with this parle.

If (quoth he) *Hercules* and *Achelous* had not fallen out, the *Nimphes* had neuer gotten their *Cornucopia*. Had not *Circes* and *Ulysses* iarmed, his men had neuer returned to their shipes. Tis an ill flaw that bringeth by no wracke, and a bad winde that breedeth no mans profite. Had not *Syluestro* and *Peratio* fallen out about loue, wee had neuer brought it in question whether it be good to loue or no. But now wee will haue it tried out in the plaine felde to see the euent of the battaile. For truely I am of *Siluestros* opinion, that to line without loue is not to line at all.

Sostrata who from her birth was vowed vnto *Vesta*, and offred her Sacrifice at the Shrine of *Diana*, hearing *Mirando* take *Siluestros* parte, with blushing face made this maidenly aunswere.

Sir (quoth she) although I maie seeme impudent in my mothers presence to enterparle, and maie bee thought halfe inmodest without commaund to come to counsell, yet I hope the equitie of the cause and the necessitie of the defence, will excuse me to the one and cleare me from the other. To haue fonde loue honoured as a God were grosse Idolatrie: to consent to suche Scismaticall opinions were palpable Heresie: therefore if it please my mother to giue me leaue, I wil proue that the worst course of life is to loue.

Daughter (quoth *Panthia*) if you thinke your self strong enough to withstand so stout an Heresie, my good will shall be quickly graunted: but take heede least in ventring in an vnknowne Foorde you slippe ouer the shoos.

Thus (quoth *Peratio*) it was easie for *Achilles* to conquer *Hector*, when he himself by the meanes of *Thetis* was invulnerable, and as easilie may *Sostrata* withstand *Siluestro* sith she is armed with the truth, which maie well be assailed, but neuer betterly sacked.

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Your good worde (quoth *Siluestro*) is neuer wanting, but if *Sostrata* would be ruled by mine aduise, she should not yeld her verdict against *Venus*: but for my parte let her doe as she please: for I am sure prattle she may, but preuaile she cannot.

Sostrata hearing the shorte censure of *Siluestro*, began to defende the walles with this Rampire.

Ouid (quoth she) the Maister of this Arte, who busily bet his braine about setting downe of amorous principles, being demaunded what Loue was, answered that it was suche a vaine and inconstant thing, suche a fickle and fonde affectionate passion, that he knewe not what it was, from whence it came, nor to what ende it tended: Onely this he was assured of by experience, that to the unhappie it was a hell, and to the most fortunate (at the least) the losse of freedom. *Anacreon* said that it was the forgetting of a mans self: whereby his senses are so besotted and his wittes inueagled: he is so snared with vanitie, and so fettered with follie, as he greedelie seeketh to gaine that thing, whiche at last turneth to his extreme losse. For who so yeeldeth himself as a slaue to loue, bindeth himself in fetters of golde: and if his sute haue good successe, yet he leadeth his life in glistering miserie. For loue according to the definition of the Philosophers, is nothing els but the desire of Beautie: so that the beginning, middest, and ende of loue, is to croppe the bitter sweete bud of Beautie: which how pleasaunt so euer it be in the mouth, yet so perillous in the maw, that he neuer or seldome digesteth it, without daunger both of his purse and person. Beautie the onely Jewell whiche Louers desire to enioye (although you maie obiect against me, that it is a foule birde defiles their owne nest) (yet conscience constraines me to auer the truth) is like to the *Baaran* flower, which is most pleasaunt to the eye, but who so toucheth it feeleth present smarte. None euer rid on *Seianus* horse but he came to ruine. Who so possessed but one dramme of the golde of *Tholosa* perished. He that with unwasht handes touched the Altar of *Ianus*, fell downe presently dead, and fewe or none whiche onely fire their fancie
vpon

of Loue.

vpōn Beautie, escape without mishappe or miserie: so that I conclude, the Louer in lieu of his toyle getteth suche gaine, as he that reapeth the beautifull Apples of *Tantalus*, which are no loner toucht but they turne to Ashes. If this trash thē be the treasure whiche Louers desire so greedily to gaine, no doubt their winninges shall be muche like to his, which supposing to embrace *Iuno*, caught nothynge but a vaine vanishing Cloude. This considered, he hath either his senses besotted, or els is blinded with selfwill, whiche seeth not the abuses in Loue and follie of Louers: whose life is so pestered with continuall passions and combyred with suche haplesse cares, as it is to be counted nothynge but a very masse of miserie: They spende the daie in dumps and the night in dolor, seeking much and finding little: gaping after that which they seldome gaine: and which if they get proueth at length but losse.

Tis true in trothe (quoth *Peratio*) for of all follies, loue is the greatest fondnesse, and especially in those whiche are coumpted truest Louers: who if they want of their will, and misse of their wishe, pine awaie in hellishe pennurie, and though their mistres rewarde them with hate, yet they neuer make an ende of their loue but by death. Such loue in my opinion, no wise man either will or can commend, for if to loue were good, as is now in question, yet tis a proued principle *Omne nimium vertitur in vitium*, therefore if euer I loue I will keepe a meane, neither to hie least I suspecte with *Cephalus*, nor to lowe least I mislike with *Minos*, and especially I would not errecede, for I thinke of Louers, as *Diogenes* did of Dauncers, who beyng asked how he liked them, answered: the better the woozse.

This pleasant conceipt of *Peratio* made *Morando* and all the companie to laugh, seeyng how bitterly he began to bob *Siluestro* on the thumbes, who thoroughly chafed, burst forth into these tearmes.

Peratio (qu he) you come to counsell before you bee calde, and set downe your sentence, before any manne craues your

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censure,

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censure, your verdit is of lesse valure. Your slender opinion is not to be taken for a principle, and therefore learne thus much of me, that so apishly to carpe at euery cause is a signe of greate immodestie, and small manners, but leaupng you to your follie, thus much to the purpose. The Philosophers who haue sought precisely to set out the perfect Anotomie of pure loue, who set downe by pen that whiche befoze they tried by experience, weighng wisely the straunge affectes and force of loue, and feeling in them selues the puissance of his power, iustly cannonised that sacred essence for a God, attributing vnto it the title of dietie, as a thng woorthie of such supernaturall dygnitie. For it doeth infuse into the mindes of men suche vertuous and valerous motions, kindlyng in mens hartes such growng coales of naturall affection (whiche befoze the force of loue had touched them, lay buried in the deade cindres of hate) that it doeth knitt the mindes of frendes together with suche perfect and perpetuall amitie, as we may iustlie say with *Socrates*, they be two bodies and one soule, yea, the common people although their myndes bee sotted and almost sencelesse, yet they haue had loue in suche sacred estimation, that they carefully rewarded them with the title of Honour and Dignitie, whiche haue excelled in that holie affection, estemyng this onely vertue (if so basly it may be termed) sufficient of a man to make one a God. But to ayne more neare the marke, if we rightly consider the force of loue, wee shall finde that there is nothing whiche so pleasureth a man, and profiteth the Common wealth as loue: *Tullie* beyng demaunded why the Common wealth of *Rome* did oft fall into many calamities at that tyme, especially when *Scilla* and *Marins* Tyrannously shed so muche innocent bloud, answered because the temple of loue was defaced, and beeyng demanded what caused the Common wealth so to flourish in prosperous estate, answered loue: Aledgyng to the olde *Italian* prouerbe *Amor è la madre del buon citta*. What causeth vertue to rayne and vice to come to ruine but loue? What delighteth in good and de-
spighteth

of Loue.

spighteth ill but loue? yea, what causeth a man to bee honored for a **Q** but loue. It maketh the valient to venture amidst moste perrilous daungers: neither to bee feared with the losse of life, nor to respect the dint of Death, thinking no aduventure harde to bee atchiued, nor encounter combersome, no daunger perrilous, so he be fullie armed with the shield of loue, to defend hym from the furious force of his enemies. So manie *Grecians* had neuer bene slaine of *Hector* had not *Andromache* looked ouer the walles. *Troies* had neuer made suche a Massacre among his foes had not Cressed buckled on his Helmet. Nay *Achilles* had neuer slaine them bothe, had not *Briseida* berne the Mistres of his thoughtes. To conclude, in all ages Cheualrie had neuer so brauely flourished if Loue had not been the guerdon for their desertes. Loue maketh a man which is naturally addicted vnto vice to be indewed with vertue, to applie himself vnto all lawdable exercises, that thereby he maie obtaine his Louers fauour: He coueteth to bee skilfull in good letters, that by his learnyng he maie allure her to excell in Musick, that by his melodie he maie entise her to frame his speech in a perfect phrase, that his Eloquence maie perswade her, yea, what Nature wanteth he seeketh to amende by nurture, and the onely cause of this verteous disposition is Loue. And to proue this premisses with a particular instaunce, I remember that our countriman *Boccace* in his *Decameron* bringeth in one *Chymon* a *Lacedemonian*, who was moze wealthe the wittie, and of greater possessions then good qualities, giuen from his birth to be a seruite drudge by nature, and could not by his friendes be haled from his clownish state by nurture: his delight was to toyle at y^e Plough, although a Nobleman borne, and ciuill curtesie was the onely thing he contemned. This *Chimon* who by no art could be brought to haue any witte, by chaunce as he passed through the streetes, cast his eye on the glittring beauty of a Lady in *Lacedemonia*, whose singuler perfection so deeply imprinted into the harte of this witlesse *Chimon*, as he felt the flame of fancie to frie within

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his entrales, yea, the force of affection had so furiously assailed hym, as perplexed with these vnaquainted passions. Loue driue him so to his shiftes, that he seckynge to obtaine his misters fauour, he began to applie himself to al vertuous exercises, that within shorte tyme loue beeyng his loodestone, of a witlesse foole he became to bee a wise Philosopher, of of Clowne to become a Courtiour, yea, loue made suche a straunge Metamorphoses of her new Nouice, that in prowess and curtesie he exceeded al the Courtiers of *Lacedemonia*. Tushe who rightly can denie that Loue is not the cause of glorie honour profite and pleasure whiche happeneth to man, and that without it he cannot conueniently liue, but shall runne into a thousande enormities. Whercof I conclude, that not to loue is not to liue: or els to leade a life repugnaunt to all vertuous qualities.

Well said *Siluestro* (quoth *Morando*) thy reason is good: for in truthe he that is an enemy to loue, is a foe to nature: there is nothyng which is either so requested of men, or desired of brute beastes more then mutuall societie, whiche neither the one can gaine nor the other attaine without loue: Is not he then more sencelesse then a beast, or lesse naturall then a reasonable creature whiche would despise it? Yes no doubt, I would count him like to a *Aparmantus*, that had no other reason to hate men but for that they were men: he himself being like a man, but in nature a very Monster.

Sir (quoth *Sofstrata*) if you weighed well what loue were you would yeeld an other verdict. Is there any thyng which man esteemeth more then libertie? Nay, doth he not account it dearer then life: and is not Loue the losse thereof, and the meanes to leade him into an endlesse Laberinth? Doth it not fetter him that is free, and thralle the quict minde in perpetual bondage? Is there any thyng to be found in Loue but loving, care, calamitie, sorowe, sighes, woe, waylinges, complaints and miserie? What breedeth frenzie and bringeth furie but Loue? What maketh the wise foolish, and fooles more fond but Loue? What besotteth the senses? What bru-
seth

of Loue.

seth the braine: What weakeneth the witte: What dulleth the memorie: What fadeth the strength: Nay, what leadeth a man to ruth and ruine but Loue: And yet forsooth no lesse then a *GD Dido* had ended her golden daies with ioye in gallaunt *Carthage*. *Phillis* had neuer desperatly procured her owne death. *Ariadne* had not miserablie died in the solitarie *Desertes*. *Medea* had raigned royally as Queene of *Colchos*. Yea, innumerable others had enioyed more felicitie or tasted lesse miserie, if this cruell monster Loue had not wrought their mishappe. For as soone as it once inueaglet the wit and bewitcheth the sences, it maketh straight a *Metamorphosis* of the poore Louers minde: he then rageth as though he were haunted with some hellishe Hagge, or possessed with some franticke Furie, like one inchaunted with some Magicall charme, or charmed with some bewitchyng Sorcerie, yea, he is perplexed with a thousande sundrie passions: first free, and then fettered: alate swimming in rest, and now sinking in care: erewhile in securitie, and then in captiuitie: yea, turned from mirth to mournyng: from pleasure to paine: from delight to despight: hatyng themselves and louyng others, who is the chief cause of this their calamitie. Fulfillyng the saying of *Propertius*, that to loue howsoeuer it be is to loose, and to fancie how charie soeuer the choice be is to haue an ill chaunce: For Loue though neuer so faithfull is but a Chaos of care, and fancie though neuer so fortunate is but a Masse of miserie. Whereof I conclude, that who so is intangled with the snares of Loue, or besotted with the beames of balefull Beautie, enioyeth more care then commoditie: more paine then profite: more cost then comforte: more greef then good, yea, reapeth a tunne of drosse for euery dramme of perfect golde.

Nay, staie (quoth *Siluestro*) conclude not so redelie before the premisses bee graunted: for though you haue (*Sostrata*) shadowed the table, yet till the colours be laied on with a perfect Pensell it is no certaine picture. *Zewexes* deceived birdes with painted grapes, and yet they were no perfect frute:

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and though ye fill their eares with your fond reasons, yet after I haue pulde backe the vail, euery one shall see they are but mere shadowes. You reason first of the definition of loue, saying: that it is no other thyng but the desire of Beautie: whiche if I graunt, what then forsooth: by an odd induction you conclude that Beautie is the breeder of mishappe, and therefore Loue the bringer of miserie: but I neither affirme the one nor graunt vnto the other. For *Plato* being demaunded in what thinges we most resemble the Gods, answered in *Wisdom*e and Beautie: esteeming *Wisdom*e the onely *Jewell* whiche enricheth the minde, and Beautie the onely *Jewel* that adorneth the bodie. Yea, *Seuere Socrates* said, that the Gods in framing of Beautie skipt beyond their skill, in that the maker was subiect to the thing made: for the Gods themselves haue been so subiect to y^e glittering hue of Beautie, as they haue been forst to forsake their celestiaall *Sphaeres*, for to enioye so precious a treasure, yea, to make a *Metamorphosis* of their dietie into humane shape: as *Iupiter* did by turning into a Bull to croppe the beautie of *Europa*: And thinke you then (*Sostrata*) you haue not bothe committed an hainous offence in blaspheming so deuine a thing, and also been greatly deceiued in thinking light of Loue, whiche tendeth to no other ende but to the obtaining of so deuine a treasure. Further, you count euery vertue in Loue to be vanitie: euery strawe to be a stumbling stocke: euery little *Holehill* to be a greate *Asuntaine*: concluding because it is fraught with care, therefore it is to bee contemned: because it is subiect to trouble and mishapp, therefore to be vetterly misliked: but your opinion is vaine, and therfore your reasons is of no value: they carie small fence in that you are so subiect to self-will. For did not *Pythagoras* compare vertue to the letter *T* which is small at the foote but broade at the toppe: meaning that to obtaine vertue is very painefull, but the possession thereof passing pleasant: Yea, doe not the wise *Philosophers* induour much trauell to attaine vertue? Doe not *Martiall* mindes who gape after glorie sleepe little and labor much:

hassard

of Loue.

hazard their limmes and venture their liues to attaine honoz. Doe not Marchaunts peeld themselves to the mercie of the furious Seas, and trie the rage of stormie Tempests, suffer perilles by Sea and post by Land to possesse riches: Shall therefore the Philosophers life bee contemned, because it is fraught with trouble: Shall the Marchauntes state, or the Martiall state be despised, because the one is subiect to daunger, and the other to death: No, if this maie bee concluded it will breede a confusion in all estates. Shall then Loue bee thought leaud, because poore passionate Louers be readie to beare the burthen of all misfortune, to the ende to attchiue so royall a rewarde as Beautie: No, for he is to bee thought a fearfull dastard whom any worldly muck doth deceiue, whō any hard attempt doth withdraw, or any humble praier doth withhold from attaining the toppe of his desire. Cease then (*Sostrata*) to blaspheme against Beautie sith it is deuine. Leauē of to inueigh against Loue, since it is a labour fit for the Gods: otherwise thou shalt be thought to be more wilfull then wise, and to spitt out these bitter speeches more of cancred spight then of any iust cause.

Well (quoth *Aretino*) if that testie *Tyanens* were aliue, who was the contemner of Beautie, the despraiser of Loue, despiser of fancie, and the detester of all suche amorous scietie, and heard *Siluestro* tell this tale, no doubt he would not onely turne his tippet, recant his hereticall opinion, and perswad: others to honoz beautie, but he himself would become a Louer.

Truely (quoth *Panthia*) for my parte I confesse that *Siluestro* hath so cunningly confuted my Daughters reasons, as I must needes saie he is worthe to haue the verdict go on his side. For though *Diana* hath reapt renowne by her chasticitie, yet *Iuno* hath gained more honour by her Mariage.

Why Madame *Panthia* (quoth *Peratio*) will you bring *Siluestro* into a Fooles paradise by allowyng his opinion, I can but smile to see how cunningly you can claw him where he itcheth: but he knowes you do but flatter, and thinks that
wo-

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womens thoughtes and their tongues runnes not alwaies together.

Truely quoth (*Aretino*) that is the cause that *Siluestro* beares so much with *Lacenas* follie: for he thinkes she plaies like the Consull *Attilius*, that was wont to couer the picture of his Concubine with a courtaine: wherein was imbroidered the storie of *Diana* and *Acteon*.

What *Lacena* doth (of *Syluestro*) I knowe not, but I am sure *Peratio* speaks more of crabbednes then of conscience, resembling herein *Apollo* (I meane not in pure complexion, but in peuissh condition) who inueighing greatly against *Venus* and *Cupid*, did himselte the next night rauish pooze (*Hy-mene*).

Well (quoth *Morando*) Madame *Panthia*, sith you haue heard this doubtfull question so thoroughly discoursed, giue your Censure and your verdict shall stand for a sentence.

Sir (quoth she) if I should passe against *Syluestro*, then al might think I either neuer loued my husband, or els that I spoke of affection, therfore that I be not accused of the one, nor condemned of the other, this is my opinion, that *Syluestro* speaking of those loyall louers, which fire their fancie and place their affection first vpon the vertue of the mynde, and then vpon the beautie of the body defendeth the right in saying that to loue, is a vertue, and that my daughter *Lacena* (in touching the excessiue loue, nay rather lust of those fond and fantastical louers, who onely respect the complexion of the body, and not the perfection of the mind, hauing their fancie so fickle, as they are fiered with euery new face, respecting pleasure more then profit, and yet refusing no paynes to satisfie their fleshly desires) saith well that such loue is a vice.

Panthia hauing yelded her iudgement was greatly praysed of al the company for geuing so wise a verdict. In deede (quoth *Aretino*) it made mee to maruell when I heard *Lacena* so farre out of square, sith that by naturall constitution women are more subiect vnto loue then men.

Not

of Loue.

Not so (quoth *Panthia*) you speake by contraries, for women are hard to bee snared in loue like the stone *Ceraunon*, whiche will hardly receiue any stampe, but being once printed neuer looseth the forme. Marie if I might be so bolde, I could aptly compare men to Spanielles, that will faune of euery one that carieth bread in his fist.

Stay there (quoth *Morando*) it is now dinner time, and this question asketh a long discourse, we will now dine, and the rest of the daie to exercise our selues wee will spende in Hunting, but to morowe we will haue this doubt debated of *Aretino* and *Fioretta*. I will be the plaintif

(quoth *Aretino*.) And my Daughter shall
bee the defendant (quoth *Panthia*.)

Why then (quoth *Morando*)

let vs plie our teeth as we
haue done our tungs:

and

with that they all
sat downe to
dinner.



F.j.

The



The third daies discourse.



Anthia and the rest of the compa-
nie hauing pleasauntly past awaie
the day in sporte, and quietly spent
the night in sleepe, no sooner sawe
that *Aurora* had forsaken the wa-
trie bed of her Louer *Tytan*, but
thei remembryng that *Aretino* and
Fioretta were to perfourme their
challenge, hasted vp to bee hearers
of this doubtfull discourse. But seeing *Morando* was not
yet stirring, they walked into the Garden to take the freshe
and flagrant ayre, where *Flora* presented vnto them a Para-
dise of odoriferous flowers, greatly pleasing the eye & sweet-
ly delighting the smell, intised with the verdue of these flo-
wryshing Plantes, they all rested them in an Arboz made of
Roses, whereby *Peratio* taking occasion to be pleasaunt en-
tered into this parlie.

I now (quoth he) see by experience *Mantuan*s principle
to be true, that weale is neuer without woe, no blisse without
bale, eche sweete hath his sower, euery commoditie hath his
discommoditie annexed: For you see by proofe the sweetest
Rose hath his prickles.

And what of this (quoth *Panthia*) what inferre ye of these
principles?

Dary (quoth he) I can aptly compare a woman to a Rose:
for as we cannot enioye the flagrant smel of the one without
sharpe prickles, so we cannot possesse the vertues of the other
without shrewish conditions: and yet neither the one nor the
other

of Loue.

other can well be forborne, for they are necessarie euilles.

O sir (quoth *Panthia*) you are very pleasant, poore women must be content to suffer the reproofe though men merit the reproach: but if they were as little vertuous as men are greatly vicious, no doubt then you would write volumes of their vanitie: but (quoth she) as bad as they be when you sue to obtaine their fauour, then you account them as heauenly creatures, and cannonize them for Sainctes, commending their chastitie, and extolling their vertues: whereof I conclude, that either they are faultlesse or you flatterers.

Tut she (quoth *Peratio*) what others thinke I knowe not, but I was neuer of that minde: for truely this is my verdict, be she vertuous, be she chaste, be she courteous, be she constant, be she riche, be she renowned, be she honest, be she honorable, yet if she bee a woman, she hath sufficient vanities to counteruaile her vertues.

Truely (quoth *Siluestro*) as the Inhabitaunts of *Lemnos* were turned into Frogges for railing against *Latona*, so *Peratio* thou deseruest to be chaunged into a Curre, for barking out suche currishe blasphemous speeches against women. *Niobe* inueighed against *Venus* for her lightnesse, and yet she her self more leaude: and thou raillest against women for their vanitie, thou thy self being thise more vicious: but as it was impossible to tell a tale to a *Cretian* and not to talke to a lyar, so it is impossible (*Peratio*) to speake of thee and not to name a slanderer.

With that *Morando* being newly risen, and missing his guesstes went into the Garden, and hearing these bitter blowes thought quickly to part the fraie, he seuered them therefore with this salue.

Gentlemen and Gentlewomen (quoth he) in that I will not be tedious in one worde, I bid you all good daie. The atchiuing of yesterdaies chalenge betwene *Aretino* and *Fiorretta*, hath made me rise thus early. Cease of therefore from your supposes, for I inioyne you all to Silence, and let vs heare what a plea our plaintife will put in to auer his doubt.

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full

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full Probleme.

The companie first requiting *Morando* with the like courtesie, and then returning his salue with the like salutation, held their peace to heare *Aretino* parle, who seing they listened attentiuely to heare his talke, began his tale in this maner.

It is a principle (quoth he) amongst the naturall Philosophers, that men by their constitution are indewed with a more perfect and stronger complexion then women, beeing more apt to endewer labour and trauaile, and lesse subiect to effeminate pleasure and pastime: hauing their hartes more hardened to withstande any kinde of passion, and lesse mollified to receiue any patheticall impression. Whereof I infer that men hauing their hartes indurate by naturall constitution, are more able to withstande the force of Loue then women, whose effeminate mindes are inclosed within a more tender and delicate complexion. For as the perfect Golde whiche is of a pure substance, receiueth any forme sooner then the sturdi Steele which is of a grosse & massie mould, so womens effeminate mindes are more subiect to sodaine affection, and are soner fettered with the snare of fancie then the hard hartes of men, whiche beeing rubbed with the Adamant stone are apt to withstand any violēt passions. *Tiresias* who had by his harde happe the prooue of both Natures: and *Scython* who at his pleasure was either a man or a woman: the one being demanded by *Jupiter* and the other by *Bachus*, whether men or women were most subiect vnto loue, framed this answer: that the Armes which *Venus* gaue in her shield were sufficient to discusse the doubt: meaning that as *Doves* who are *Venus* darlings, are more prone vnto lust then any other foules: so women are more subiect vnto Loue then any other mortall creatures.

Truely sir (quoth *Fioretta*) you seeme by your sentences to be a subtile and secret Philosopher: for I thinke you bring in suche darke problemes, as you scarce vnderstande your owne reasons. Is this your skill in naturall Philosophie to bring

of Loue.

bring in vnnaturall principles: Or think you by Sophistrie to shadowe the truth? No, wordes are but winde, and a fewe drie blowes shall not carie awaie the conquest. *Aristotle* and *Albertus* both set downe this infallible *Axiome*, that the naturall constitution of men is choller hot and drie, hauing of all the lower Elements fire most predominant in their complexions: So that as *Galen* affirmeth in his Booke *De partibus corporis humani* this fierie constitution doth make them full of passions, soone hot soone colde, easilie inflamed and quickly quenched. Whereas women be Phlegmatick coole and moyst, hauing water most predominant in their constitution, and therefore lesse subiect vnto any fierie affections. Whereof I inferre, that the mindes of men whiche are hot and drie, are sooner scorched with the heate of *Venus* and fiered with the flame of fancie: yea, Loue hath more power to set on fire their affections, being already of a hot constitution, then to scorch or scalde the hartes of women, which naturally are of so moyst and cold a complexion. The drie Hauin is soner set on fire then the watrie Beech: the withered Hare soner burneth then the moyst Grasse, and the fierie harte of *Mars* soner scorched then the cold minde of *Diana*.

May Mistris *Fiorella* (quoth he) seeing you vrg me so strictly, I will proue my premisses with most approued instances. Was not *Dido* almost consumed in the flame before *Eneas* toucht the fire? Was not she fettered at the first sight, whereas *Venus* could hardly induce her sonne to Loue. *Demophon* was not so sone drowned in desire as *Phillis*: for he no soner set foot on land but she was ouer shoes in loue, whereas God knowes all her flattering allurementes could hardly traine him to the Court of *Cupid*. The Nymph *Echo* no sooner saw *Narcissus* but she was inflamed: whereas he neither by teares, praiers, promises, nor protestations could be allured to peeld himself a subiect vnto *Venus*. Tuike, what should I recount the passionate loue of *Salmacis*, *Circe*, *Bliss*, *Hylonome*, and of infinite other, whose liues are sufficient proofes and presidents to confirme my former reasons.

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Cupid

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Cupid intending to reuenge himself vpon *Apollo*, for discouering the adultrie betweene his mother and *Mars*, was faine to spend many of his chiefest dartes ere he could strike him in loue with *Daphne*: but as the blinde boy pleasauntly sported with his mother, by chaunce he rased her breast with the tippe of his arrowe, whiche no sooner toucht her but she was deeply in loue with her darling *Adonis*. In fine, all ages and estates haue yeelded sufficient proofes to confirme my premisses, so that I neede not alledge any more reasons, but conclude with the saying of *Martiall*, whiche affirmeth three thinges neuer to bee parted *Mulier, Amor, & inconstantia*.

Cuth (quoth *Fioretta*) all this wind shakes no corne, your Antecedent infers no necessary Consequent, for if I graunt that diuers Dames haue bene sodainly surprised with fancie, may you therefore conclude, that women are more subiecte vnto affection then men, this were *Aretino* to absurde an argument: But to confirme my reasons with a plaine prooffe whiche we bothe see and knowe by daily experience. Are not men faine, beyng them selues once fiered with fancie to seeke and sue, to watch and warde, to prate, to parle to, pray, to protest, to sweare, to forswear, yea, to vse a thousand sonoric shiftes to alure a simple maide vnto loue: Doe they not seeke to hale her vnto their hooke, with diuers new deuises. Some practise musicke to inueagle their mindes, playng in the nyght vnder their windowes, with Lutes, Citrons, and Bandozas. Some Tornyay and Just: that by their manhoode they maie alure them to loue. Some painte out their passions in Songes and Sonets, to moue them vnto mercie: none saying they are to pittifull, but all exclaimyng of their crueltie. The poore woman notwithstanding, is so vnwillyng to yeeld vnto loue, that she is hardly induced to fancie by all these flatteryng alurementes, whereas the man is fiered with euery new face, fettered with euery newe fancie, in loue at euery looke, yea, they cannot *Accedere ad ignem*, but they doe straight *Galefcere plus quam satis* so that it
is

of Loue.

is harde to finde a man, but he is either fraught with loue or flatterie.

Not so *Fioretta* (quoth *Siluestro*) conclude not so stricktly, for to loue (I graunt) is proper to men, but to flatter belongeth to women.

Why (quoth *Peratio*) dare you blaspheme so broadly against that noble sexe, take heed, if your mistres heare of this fond sentence, she hang not the lip.

This is small to the purpose (quoth *Morando*) whether men faine or women flatter, it is not the marke we shooote at. Sith *Madame Panthia*, these two champions haue so manfully behaued themselves within the listes, that as yet the combate hangeth in suspence, to whiche of them shall wee Judges of this quarrell assigne the conquest:

Truely sir (quoth *Panthia*) to speake my mynd freely without affectiō, in this case this is my opinion. That loue being no mortall passion, but a supernaturall influence allotted vnto euery man, by destiny charmeth and inchaunteth the mindes of mortall creatures, not accordyng to their wills, but as the decree of the fates shall determine, for some are in loue at the first look: As was *Perseus* with *Andromeda*: Some neuer to be reclaimed, as was *Narcissus*: Others scorched at the first sight, as *Venus* her self was of *Adonis*: Some alwaies proclaimeth open Warres to *Cupid*, as did *Daphne*. Thus I conclude, that men or women are not more or lesse subiect vnto Loue, respectyng their naturall constitution, but by the secrete influence of a certaine supernaturall constellation.

Morando and the rest of their companie, greatly praised and allowed the wise verdict of *Panthia*, commendyng the mother for her perfect modestie, and the daughters for their passing chastitie. The discourse thus ended and the sentence set downe, *Morando* and his guesstes went to dinner, which being ended as well with pithie deuises as pleasaunt dainties, *Panthia* constrained by certaine vrgent affaires, peeling
ding

The Tritameron

ping *Morando* great thanks for his courteous entertaine-
ment, went home to *Bononia* accompanied with the three
Gentlemen : who likewise leauing *Morando* in
his dumps for the losse of suche good com-
panions departed, and for a time staid
with *Panthia* at *Bononia*: where
what successe *Siluestro* had
in his loue I knowe
not:
but if I learne
looke for
newes

Finis.

Robert Greene

Imprinted at Lon-
don by I. Kingston for Edward
White, dwelling at the little North
doore of *S. Paules Church*, at
the signe of the Gun.

